

**take a breath, then  
let it out and  
swing!**

**alsalty**

## take a breath, then let it out and swing! by alsalty

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**Summary:**

bill and stan are the best players on the derry high school tennis team, who also just happen to be in love with each other.

## **take a breath, then let it out and swing!**

### **Author's Note:**

hey so this fic is based on the fact that i play tennis and always stutter on the scores. its pretty much a vent fic. but gay.

Derry High School was quite proud of its sports. Their football, basketball and baseball teams were all extremely impressive and praised throughout the area. One of the sports that slipped under the radar was tennis; they had a good, but underappreciated tennis team. They had two doubles teams and a few people who played singles. Bill and Stan were the best of the team. They had a dynamic that was unmatchable. Bill was a strong server and good at running. Stan was left-handed so he naturally was talented at playing backhand. They connected on court, coordinated their shots in a way that guaranteed a win and to top it all off they enjoyed each other's company. The other doubles team was Richie and Eddie, who's playing style, was very messy. They could never decide who was going to hit the ball and often argued, but somehow got as many wins as the others.

Bill and Stan had the first game of the season. They often did as they were noted as players 1 and 2. On the first game, their friends, Ben, Mike and Bev, came to watch, not as much for the other games as it was early in the morning.

Their opponents were from Dexter High School, a team they'd versed before. Rather good but not dedicated enough.

"D-Do you want me to serve f-first?" Bill asked with the balls in his hands.

"Sure, I don't mind." Stan shrugged. One of the best things about the game, at least in Bill's eyes, was the uniforms. They had black t-shirts that said 'Derry High School Tennis Club' on the front and an embroidered tennis ball on the back, accompanied with their names. They also wore matching black shorts that came to their mid-thigh. Stan's were a bit shorter as he had grown over the past months; his shirt was tucked into his shorts so he could easily access his ball holder. He looked so good in his uniform, and as he played in motion. Bill could watch him forever.

Bill's first serve went in. It was somewhat weak, lacking in speed but it went in, and that's what mattered. Their friends cheered a little from the sidelines. The receiver hit it into the tramlines, where Stan intercepted it. It went just behind the service line; they tried to hit it back but just missed.

"F-f-fifteen, love." Bill called out. Stan smiled at him.

They won their first game forty - love. As they switched sides, Stan put his arm around Bill's shoulders.

"We're going to win this for sure!" He was so confident. Bill couldn't help but mirror it.

The next game Bill was forehand and Stan was backhand as it always was. Stan was full of concentration, his eyes were focused on the server and Bill was in awe. So much in fact that he wasn't paying attention and missed the shot.

"F-fifteen, love" Bill announced, clearly embarrassed.

"It's fine, only the first game of the season." Stan said as they switched positions. Stan was much more graceful in his receiving; he hit back a swift backhand before running to smash the ball very close to the net.

"Guh-good shot" Bill looked back to Stan.

"Thanks!" Stan grinned widely.

The game went quickly; they were in the lead until the opposition bought the score to 4-3. Bill was nervous, if they'd managed to bring the score up so quickly, who knew what could happen next.

"Hey we only need two more games." Stan said upon seeing Bill's expression.

"T-They only ne-need three." Bill replied, swirling his racket.

"But we're better than them." Stan said almost bouncing.

Stan was right, they were better than they were, but maybe his words just influenced Bill's playing. Once the game was finished, with an overall score of 6-3, Derry's way, Bill and Stan went off court to sit with their friends and watch Eddie and Richie play.

"You guys played so well!" Bev cheered when they came over, quickly hugging them both.

"It w-wasn't our b-best game." Bill shrugged, taking a sip from his water bottle.

"You were great Bill!" Stan said with a smile on his face that immediately transferred to Bill.

"T-Thanks, so w-were y-you."

"Are we going to watch the others or just talk?" Mike piped up.

"Just talk." Stan bumped his shoulder against Bill's.

Stan didn't live too far from the tennis courts so he often walked home after a game. Sometimes Bill tagged along. After this first game, he did. He walked slowly, he seemed nervous and Stan could tell.

"Are you okay?" Stan asked, brushing his hair out of his face. This action just made things worse for Bill.

"F-Fine." Stan had stopped on the sidewalk.

"You seem, off." Stan gestured vaguely.

"T-There is something." Bill regretted the words as soon as they came out of his mouth.

"You can tell me anything, you're my best friend." Stan smiled with that soft look upon his face, his eyes gleaming. That's what I'm so afraid of. Bill thought, looking into his eyes. Bill kept quiet, he knew the longer he left his feelings unspoken.

"I-I l-l-like" His stutter was increased by his nerves. "You." That one word was clear. Stan's eyes widened, his fists clenched, he was frozen.

"Oh shit." Even his swearing was softly spoken. Bill didn't want to say anything more. He didn't want to push Stan any further. Both boys were quiet, unsure of what to say or where to go.

"I'm s-sorry" Bill broke the silence. He didn't look at Stan though.

"Don't be." Stan replied. Bill seemed confused, he had no idea what Stan meant by that. He was even more so confused when Stan walked closer to him and tilted his chin upwards.

"W-What are you d-doing?" Bill was almost shaking.

"What does it look like I'm doing?" Stan replied, before Bill could get in a proper answer Stan was kissing him. All slow and romantic. Every move was deliberate and spinning Bill out of his thoughts. Once Stan pulled away he didn't know what to do, what to say, all he wanted was to look into his soft dark eyes and stay there forever.

"T-T-Thank you." Bill muttered. Probably not the best thing to say after a kiss.

“Anytime.” Stan smiled back, taking Bill’s hand in his own.

**Author's Note:**

if anyone wants to draw stan in the tennis uniform,  
just know that i would die for you. thank you for  
reading!! my tumblr is @kaijugeiszler

this is a rather short fic and im working on a longer  
(and sadder) fic for these two ;)